

The Bloomfield Record.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL INTERESTS, GENERAL NEWS, AND THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

STEPHEN M. HULIN, Editor and Proprietor.

BLOOMFIELD, N. J., FRIDAY, JULY 10, 1874.

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Professional and Business Cards.

CHARLES H. BAILEY, M. D.
(LATE OF THE NEW YORK HOSPITAL.)
Physician and Surgeon.
OFFICE: NEXT WILSON'S STORE.

W. K. WILLIAMSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
MASTER IN CHANCERY.
745 BROAD STREET, NEWARK, N. J.
Notary Public and Counsellor at Law for New York.

OWEN & HURLBUT,
SURVEYORS,
Jacobus Building, Opposite Pres. Church,
MONTCLAIR, N. J.

D. C. S. STOCKTON,
DENTIST.
(Successor to Dr. Colburn.)
No 15 Cedar street,
Newark, N. J.

MRS. GEORGE TITERTON,
TEACHER OF THE PIANO FORTE.
RESIDENCE: OAKLAND AVENUE, BLOOMFIELD.
Lessons given in Montclair and Rosville.

J. B. PITT, M. D.
HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.
Residence on Broad Street three doors above Presby-
terian Church.
Office hours: 7 to 9 A. M. and 5 to 7 P. M.

F. E. BAILEY, M. D.
RESIDENCE:
MONROE PLACE, BLOOMFIELD.
Office hours: 7 to 9 A. M. and 5 to 7 P. M.

THOMAS TAYLOR,
COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS,
AND
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Office at his residence on Bloomfield avenue,
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

JOSEPH K. OAKES,
SURVEYOR, CONVEYANCER,
COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS,
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BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES
TO BE HAD AT
DR. WHITE'S FAMILY DRUG STORE.
Open on Sundays, 9 to 10 A. M., 12 to 1, and 5 to 6 P. M.

SAMUEL CARL,
MERCHAND TAILOR,
Keeps constantly on hand
CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, VESTINGS, READY MADE
CLOTHING & GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.
BROAD STREET, BLOOMFIELD.

THOMAS F. CADMUS,
BAKERY, CONFECTIONERY,
AND
ICE CREAM SALOON.
BLOOMFIELD CENTRE, BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

JOSEPH H. EVELAND,
PRACTICAL PAINTER,
SIGN-WRITING,
ORNAMENTAL PAINTING,
GRAINING, GILDING, &c., &c.
Corner Linden avenue and Thomas street,
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.
All orders promptly executed.

CONRAD REISS,
MANUFACTURER OF
SADDLES AND HARNESS,
ALSO DEALER IN
BLANKETS, TRUNKS, SATCHELS, ETC.
Bloomfield Avenue,
Opposite Archdeacon's Hotel,
Bloomfield, N. J.
Orders punctually attended to, at the shortest notice.

SMITH E. PERRY
REAL ESTATE AGENT AND AUCTIONEER,
BROAD STREET, ABOVE DENSON
Bloomfield, New Jersey.

ARCHDEACON'S HOTEL,
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.
This Hotel was established in 1809, and has recently
been handsomely refitted. A first-class Restaurant con-
nected with the Hotel.
Apl. 1-1y

MISS JOANNA B. HARVEY,
(SOPRANO)
PUPIL OF SIGNOR A. BARILLI,
Teacher of
VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

MISS L. L. BIDDULPH'S
School for Boys and Girls,
Bloomfield Avenue, Bloomfield, N. J.
Fall Term opens Sept. 1st, 1874.

Newark Advertisements.

Macknet, Wilson & Co.,
DEALERS IN

HARDWARE, IRON AND STEEL.

Builders' Hardware of every description.
Stable Furniture,
Horse Blankets &c.

Garden Tools,
Lawn Mowers.

Counters,
Iron Vases for Lawns.

Refrigerators,
Wine and Water Coolers.

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Washing Machines,
Clothes Wringers.

Bar, Band and Hoop Iron,
Horse-Shoes,

Horse-nails,
Blacksmith's Tools.

Agents for Fairbank's Scales, and the
Champion Fire Extinguisher.

MACKNET, WILSON & CO.,
796 BROAD ST., NEAR MARKET ST.
NEWARK, N. J.

MARTIN R. DENNIS,
Bookseller and Stationer,
739 Broad Street, Newark, N. J.

Sells Drafts on
ENGLAND, IRELAND, and SCOTLAND.

FOR ANY AMOUNT, AT THE LOWEST PRICES. ALSO
PASSAGE TICKETS,
ON CANARD, NATIONAL, ANCHOR, WHITE STAR
AND QUEEN & CO'S STEAMERS,
TO AND FROM
LIVERPOOL AND QUEENSTOWN.

M. R. DENNIS,
739 BROAD STREET, NEWARK, N. J.

FIRST PREMIUM
SILVER and PLATED WARE

At the Elegant Salerooms of
BENJAMIN J. MAYO,
No. 887 Broad St., NEAR CITY HALL.

No. 887 Broad St., Newark, N. J.

Our Cases are filled with
TABLE WARE

of the latest and most beautiful designs. A large
selection for bridal and other gifts. Come and buy where
the ware is made, and save the three or four profits.

Also a full line of Cutlery for sale.

WARE REPAIRED AND RE-PLATED.

Established 1859.

BENJAMIN J. MAYO.
P. S.—No connection with any other place.

W. V. SNYDER & CO.,
Have now on Exhibition a Good Assortment of

Ladies' Linen Suits,

CASHMERE AND SILK

SACQUES,

And are Offering

SPECIAL BARGAINS IN BLACK SILKS

at \$1.50, and Black Alpaca at 50c.

727 and 729 Broad street,
NEXT DOOR TO POST OFFICE,
NEWARK, N. J.

CENTRAL FAMILY SHOE STORE,
NO. 579 BROAD STREET, NEWARK.

GEORGE A. FINKERTON
Would respectfully call the attention of the

Citizens of Bloomfield and Vicinity

To his large and well selected stock of

BOOTS & SHOES.

In addition to keeping on hand a general assortment
of leading manufacturers, including

Munson's Celebrated Shoes,

He will also keep a full line of his own manufacture
for LADIES, GENTS, MISSES and CHILDREN'S wear.
Custom work and Repairs promptly attended to.

Shoes for Malformed Feet a Specialty.
Lasts reserved for Customers exclusive use.

MARTIN BROTHERS,
DEALERS IN
GROCERIES & PROVISIONS,
Flour, Feed & Grain.
Constantly on hand a large assortment of all the above
named articles, which they propose to sell at the lowest
cash price. Satisfaction guaranteed.

MARTIN BROS.,
Corner Bloomfield Ave. and Broad St.,
as Goods delivered free of charge.

Markets.

THE PEOPLE'S MARKET.

J. W. LEES,

COR. BLOOMFIELD CENTRE AND GLENWOOD AVE.

Constantly on hand a good supply of

BEef, VEAL, MUTTON,

LAMB & PORK.

Poultry, Vegetables, and Fruits in season. Quality
unexcelled. Orders promptly attended to and goods
delivered when desired.

J. W. LEES.

BLOOMFIELD MARKET.

WILLIAM J. MADISON,

Dealer in

BEef, VEAL, MUTTON, LAMB, PORK,

POULTRY, SMOKED AND CORNED MEATS,
Fruits and Vegetables in their season.

(BLOOMFIELD CENTRE,
Jan. 32 BLOOMFIELD, N. J.)

COLUMBIA MARKET.

JOSEPH BOLSHAW,

Dealer in

BEef, VEAL, MUTTON, LAMB, PORK and POULTRY

Smoked and Corned Meats, also Fruits and
Vegetables in their season.

Bloomfield Avenue, Opposite Archdeacon's Hotel.

BLOOMFIELD FISH AND OYSTER

MARKET.

RAILROAD AVE., CORBY'S BUILDING.

Fish, Oysters and Clams, Fresh from Fulton Market,
Constantly on hand.

Oysters by the Quart, 100, or 1,000.

Parties wishing the Order Wagon to call at their res-
idences will please notify.

SAMUEL MOORE

GREAT REDUCTIONS!

IN ALL KINDS OF GOODS

On and After July 4th, 1874.

AT THE

BLOOMFIELD SURPRISE

AND EMPORIUM OF FASHION.

Corby's Brick Building, Glenwood Ave.,
Bloomfield, N. J.

We call the attention of all ladies to our assortment
of LADIES' UNDERWEAR and READY MADE GAR-
MENTS, which we will now sell POSITIVELY

Less than Newark Prices!

Great Reductions also in LADIES' TRIMMED HATS.

Special Indulgences in the Men's Line. A NICE

COAT as low as \$1.

A Good Pair of WORKING PANTS as low as \$1.50

Our CHILDREN'S SUITS have also been greatly re-
duced.

Don't Fail to Call Early and Often

At the

BLOOMFIELD SURPRISE

AND EMPORIUM OF FASHION.

Corby's Brick Building.

Glenwood Avenue, Bloomfield.

And convince yourselves of the reductions that have
been made.

HAYES & TAYLOR,

Successors to HARGREAVES & HAYES, Glenwood Ave.
and Washington Street, Bloomfield.

PLUMBING,

GAS AND

STEAM FITTING.

Tin, Sheet Iron and Copper Workers.

BRICK-SET and PORTABLE

HOT AIR FURNACES,

Fire-place Heaters,

Brick-set and Portable Ranges,

Stoves, &c.

BRASS, IRON, WOOD, LEAD AND FORCE PUMPS.

GAS FIXTURES,

Chandeliers, Brackets, &c.

Hardware, Tinware, Housekeeping Goods,
&c., &c.

Jobbing and repairing promptly attended to. All
work guaranteed, and at the lowest prices possible.

JAMES H. WAY,

DEALER IN

FINE GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS,

Flour, Feed, Grain, CANNED AND

DRIED FRUITS,

RAILROAD AVENUE, BLOOMFIELD.

Goods delivered throughout Bloomfield and
vicinity.

WILLIAM COLFAX,

DEALER IN

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,

Grain, Feed, &c.

A FINE ASSORTMENT of all goods in my line which
will be sold low and promptly delivered in any part of
the town.

Cor. BROAD ST. and BELLEVILLE AVE., Bloomfield
N. J.

J. H. COLFAX,

Having removed to
Cor. ORANGE STREET and BLOOMFIELD AVENUE.
Has a fine assortment of
GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, TEAS,
COFFEES, SPICES, &c.
COUNTRY PRODUCE A SPECIALTY.

THE PRIVATEER.

(FOR THE BLOOMFIELD RECORD.)

Far from this quiet, peaceful shore,
(May heavenly blessings evermore
In showers enrich our native earth
And crown the land which gave us birth.)
With taught around save sea and sky,
The merchant ships the non-war
Which guard the reef surrounded shore;
The white abodes, the fruitful land,
The merchant ships the non-war
Which guard the reef surrounded shore;
The treacherous ocean's brilliant hue,
The circling arch of heaven's own blue—
And many pleasant memories, too,
All rise in silence to my view.

One evening while three friends and I
The rolling ocean wandered by
With thrilling voice and gestures bold
Ben Brown the following story told:
A sailor blind and brown was he,
Who oft had crossed the billowy sea.
His piercing eye and steady form
Seemed formed to face the raging storm;
A Yankee sailor bold and brave,
And out had sailed his life to save
A comrade from a watery grave.
He thus began: "Twelve years before
The ending of our civil war,
When over at St. George's Bay
The hotel steamer sailed by,
He was as tight and fast a boat
As ever sailed the sea.
But fashions more for speed than fight,
Her armament was small and light,
And only would such craft attack
As lacked the means of answering back.
The presence of the privateer
Was kept the closest secret here:
For she was watched by English eyes,
And had her English enterprise
She quickly took in guns and shot,
Nor powder, coal, nor wood forgot;
And many a burning land was sent,
And many an English cheer was sent,
To lead their aid to slavery's cause.

She left the bay at dawn of day,
And westward swiftly sailed away.
Up board she had a crew of brave,
A fearless soul—both true and brave,
But forced to aid his foe was he,
And a crew the friends of slavery.
Black as the hour of early morn,
Which just preceded the day-dawn;
He said he wished to fulfill
His duty, and he would not will.
His gallant crew he then led,
And for the right the hero died.
Swift over the deep the Seabird flew,
With sea-scurvy and favoring breeze,
And e'er two days and nights had passed
In Windows she anchored fast;
The hearty welcome greeted the boat,
And quick to share her contents float
On large and rich the stores and shell,
And missiles numberless (which swell
The horrors of the human soul)
Are placed, and swiftly landward go.
Her stay is short: She takes a load
Of precious cotton bolls and leaves,
Her anchor from the river heaves,
And swift the friendly harbor leaves.

The evening, and the heavens bright
With stars, made luminous the night;
The silvery sea reflects the stars,
Nor sound the peaceful quiet stars;
But see! From yonder dark Cape Fear
Three silent, shadowy forms appear,
Three ominous which to intercept
All privateers, these waters kept,
And laid their homes these waters made,
To strictly keep the coast blockade;
Nor sound the peaceful quiet stars;
But see! From yonder dark Cape Fear
Three silent, shadowy forms appear,
Three ominous which to intercept
All privateers, these waters kept,
And laid their homes these waters made,
To strictly keep the coast blockade;

Meanwhile on board the privateer,
Where all was joy, full many a cheer,
And many a cheer, confounding cheer,
Was levied at the officers' cheer;
But one good cheer from the fleet;
His hand the cheering forebode pre-
In blank despair the negro saw
The disappearing signs of war,
The Seabird leaving far behind
The slower gunboats,—heard the wind
Moan through the rigging, felt the spray
Dash over him, and far away
Taw through the blackness of the night
A slowly falling signal light.
A sudden thought his brain inspires:
A gun he quickly grasps and fires,
Straightway a force and following stream
Follows the act, of rushing steam.
He says aside the fatal gun,
His time has come, his course is run;
For swift, with angry curse and shout
The ruffian close his form about;
Their glaring faces meet his eyes,
And horror vision terrify
His manly soul, and as they gaze
He bows his noble head and prays.
But short they stand; quick as the word
The yard receives a heave and cord;
His neck the noose; a cannon ball
Is heaved to his feet, but all
By him unnoticed. Straight on high,
He swings between the sea and sky,
He chokes, but ere his spirit dies
And death has sealed his swimming eyes,
The rope is cut and with a bound
The circling seas his form surround.
Courageous soul! thy work is done!
The casing element, which soon
The engine stops; the approaching boom
Of the distant gun, which sounds the doom
Of the privateer; the bursting shell,
Telling a stroke of the Seabird's knell;
The crashing thunder peals which fly
Across the wide, tumultuous sky;
The fierce electric fire which gleams
In the twinkling light they spy,
And soon the star-lit heaven
Shines forth; the venturous clouds are driven
In dire confusion far away,
And in disorder masses
Seem slow their lumbering course to urge
Along the dark horizon's verge.
Sternly the billows slowly roll,
The faded Seabird's crew are all
Transferred aboard the ships,
Is straight applied to the Seabird's frame,
And with the fiery element
Illumes the night; the element
Is filled with sparks, the moaning wind,
High fans the blaze, but far behind,
Still slowly sinking to his grave
Descends the sable hero brave.
No gentle voice, no pining cry,
Has wooed his soul's last agony;
No sorrowing friends his eyelids close,
No human soul his burial moans;
But God, who watches over all,
And marks the sparrow when they fall,
Still holds the woe as the last
Safe in the hollow of His hand.

VARIETIES.

Affecting sight—Barrels in tiers.
The original greenbacks—Frogs.

A wag calls bigamy Utilizing the female
sex.

Watching a weathercock on a windy
morning is a yare proceeding.

Fatally physicians are carefully noting the
promising state of the green-apple crop.

A book black's father says he never enjoys
himself more than when he sees the "son
shine."

The fool seeketh to pick a fly from a mule's
hind leg. The wag knew better out the job
to the lowest bidder.

The longest word in the English language
is smiles, because there is a mile between the
first and last letters.

"Change cars!" is what a city bootblack
said to a countryman, the other day, when
he had finished blacking one of his brogans.

Some before a cremation undertaker's
shop. Small boy—"I say, sir, is it done
yet? If he is, please put him in this 'ere
fruit can."

The force of habit is fully illustrated in
the case of a retired milkman, who says he
never sees a can of water without having an
irresistible desire to put some milk into it.

The witty wife of a noted practicing
physician advised her husband to keep away
from the funerals of patients, as it looked
too much like a taylor carrying home his own
work.

"You've destroyed my peace of mind,"
said a desponding lover to a truant lass. "It
did do much harm, John, for 'twas an
amazing small piece you had, any way!" was
the quick reply.

"Good evening," said a lady, dressed in
the height, or rather the depth, of fash-
ion, to her partner in the German at one of
the late balls. "I am tired to death; I am
going home to undress myself." "What!
any more?" was the partner's answer.

A gentleman, having engaged a bricklayer
to make some repairs in his cellar, ordered
the ale to be removed before the bricklayer
commenced his work. "Oh, I'm not afraid
of a barrel of ale," said the bricklayer. "I
presume not," said the gentleman, "but I
think a barrel of ale would put at your ap-
proach."

A Yale student has written a twelve verse
poem, entitled "we kissed each other by the
sea." "Well, what of it?" asks a Western
journalist; "the seaside is no better for such
practices than any other locality."

That kind on the love-pain of a woman in
that, but did not say anything about it in
print.

Slightly sarcastic was the clergyman who
pursed and addressed a man coming into
church after the sermon had begun, with
the remark, "Glad to see you, sir; come in;
always glad to see those here late who can't
come early." And decidedly self-possessed
was the man thus addressed in the presence
of an astonished congregation, as he respon-
ded: "Thank you; would you favor me with
the text?"

A COLLECTION OF ANTIQUITIES.—At the re-
cent centennial celebration of Barre, Mass.,
many relics of the past were exhibited,
including a number of old family portraits,
the owners of which, in response to a request
of the committee, willingly brought them
from their homes to show to wondering
spectators the styles of the belles and beaux
of a century ago. Among the portraits were
likenesses of Brigadier-General Plummer,
a graduate of West Point and a soldier of
of the Mexican war; Rev. Dr. Thompson,
father of the orator of the day, who was
settled in Barre in 1804 and preached his
centennial sermon in 1854. Among
the relics was a lady's cap box brought from
England in 1767 by Mercy Hurd, the ma-
ternal ancestor of all the Brights in New
England. An old-fashioned pewter teapot
which was secretly used for preparing tea
during the excitement attending the destruc-
tion of tea in Boston harbor, a pewter pat-
ter, bright as polished silver, and a flip mug
one hundred years old, were among the
curiosities exhibited.

Dr. Tyng, in his "Christian Pastor,"
rebukes the disgusting habits in which some
ministers indulge, saying he has seen a
clergyman in a highly finished pulpit take a
large piece of tobacco out of his mouth when
he began to pray; and after the amen, pick
it up from the marble slab and put it in his
capacious cheek again.

Fashionable Shopping.

One day when the thermometer stood in
the nineties, a lady entered a store, and in-
quired for parasols. The obliging proprietor
spread out before her samples of a large and
varied stock. "Have you any of this shade
of a size larger?" said the lady. The size
larger was produced. "I think on the whole
I prefer the size smaller." The size smaller
was presented. "Have you any of this size
a lighter shade of blue?" The required
shade was brought out. "Haven't you any
of this kind with a crooked handle?" The
shade with the crooked handle appeared.
"Have you any with the crooked handle not
quite so heavy?" said the lady, and so con-
tinued her inquiries for every conceivable
size, shade and weight possible in the line
of parasols. After nearly an hour had been
thus consumed, the fair shopper gathered
up her handkerchief and gloves, and moved
toward the door. "Can't I sell you a parasol?"
inquired the exasperated proprietor. "O dear
no," replied the lady, "I was merely in-
quiring the prices. I am going into mourning
and have one for sale."

THE LADIES.

Man and wife are one, but which one? is
the question.

Brides are now wearing high-neck waists
and long sleeves.

Monogram buttons are introduced on
some of the new walking suits.

A real estate broker, in Chicago, adver-
tises that she has admitted her husband in-
to partnership.

Let's wife wouldn't have looked back, but
a woman with a new dress passed her, and
she wanted to see if the back breadth was
ruined.

A young lady at Winchester lately went to
a photographic artist, and wished him to
take her picture with an expression as if
composing a poem.

Woman is like ivy—the more you are
ruined the closer she clings to you. An old
bachelor adds: "Ivy is like woman—the
closer it clings to you the more you are
ruined."

A very pretty button in the shape of a
tiny clam shell, but exquisitely tinted in
pink and white, is quite